

The Historie

He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly,
There did he pause, but let me tel the world
If he outliue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

Hotsp. Coosen I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies, neuer did I heare
Of any prince so wilde a libertie,
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will imbrace him with a souldiours arme,
That he shall shrink vnder my curtesie,
Arme, arme with speed, and fellowes, soldiours, friends,
Better consider what you haue to do
Then I that haue not wel the gift of tongue
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mes. My Lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now,
O Gentlemen the time of life is short,
To spend that shortnes basely were too long
If life did ride vpon a diall point,
Still ending at the arriual of an houre,
And if we liue we liue to tread on kings,
If die, braue death when princes die with vs,
Now for our consciences, the armes are faire
When the intent of bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*

Mes. My Lord, prepare, the king comes on a pace,

Hot. I thanke him that he cuts me from my tale,
For I professe not talking onely this,
Let each man do his best, and here draw I a sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meet withall.
In the aduenture of this perillous day,
Now esperance Percy and set on,
Sound all the loftie instruments of war,
And by that Musicke let vs all embrace,

For

of Henrie th

For heauen to earth some of vs ne
A second time do such a courtesie
*Here they embrace, the trumpets
power, alarme to the battel, th
ter Blunt.*

Blunt. What is thy name that in
What honour dost thou seeke vpon

Doug. Know then my name is I
And I do haunt thee in the battell
Because some tell me that thou art

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford de
Thy likenesse, for in steed of thee k
This sword hath ended him, so sha
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as my pris

Blunt. I was not borne a yeelder
And thou shalt find a king that wil
Lord Staffords death.

They fight, Douglas kills Blunt

Hot. O Douglas hadst thou foug
I neuer had triumpht vpon a Scot.

Doug. Als done, als won here, b

Hot. Where? *Dou*

Hot. This Douglas? no, I know th
A gallant knight he was, his name
Semblably furnisht like the king hi

Doug. Ah foole, goe with thy fou
A borrowed title hast thou bought
Why didst thou tell me that thou w

Hot. The king hath many march

Doug. Now by my sword I will l
Ile murder all his wardrop, peece b
Vntill I meete the king. *H*

Our souldiers stand full fairely for t

Alarme, Enter

Falst. Though I could scape shot
shot here, heres no skoring but vpon
sir Walter Blunt, theres honour for